

364 SONNETS, *P A R T H E N O p*
H i L | j ^



M A D R I G A L 7.

YOUTH'S wanton Spring, when in
the raging Bull
My sun was lodged, gave store of
flowers,
With leaves of pleasure, stalks of
hours; [full Which soon shook off the
leaves, when they were Of pleasures,
beauty dewed, with April showers* My
Summer love, whose buds were beautifu!
⁵ Youthful desires, with heats
unmerciful, Parched; whose seeds, when
harvest time was come,
Were cares, against my suits
obdurate. With sheaves of scorn bound
up, which did benumb Mine heart with
grief; yet made her heart indurate, O
chaste desires, which held her heart
immurate
In walls of adamant unfoiled !
My Winter spent in showers of
sorrow's tears!
Hailstones of hatred ! frosts of
fears ! My branches bared of pleasure,
and despoiled!



M A D R I G A L 8.

W H Y am I thus in mind and body
wounded ? O mind, and body
mortal, and divine!
On what sure rock is your fort
grounded ? On death ? Ah, no! For at it,
you repine ! Nay, both entombed in her
beauty's shrine Will live, though shadow-like;
that men astounded At their anatomies, when
they shall view it,
May pitifully rue it. Yea, but her
murdering beauty doth so shine*
(O yet much merciless !)
That heart desires to live with her, that slew
it! And though She still rest pitiless,
Yet, at her beauty, will I wonder I Though
sweet graces (past repeat) Never appear,
but when they threat; Firing my secret
heart, with dart and thunder*